Emil. That were a ſhame Sir,
While I have horſes: take your choice, and what
You want at any time, let me but know it;
If you ſerve faithfully, I dare aſſure you
You'l finde a loving Miſtris.
Arc. If I doe not,
Let me finde that my Father ever hated,
Diſgrace, and blowes.
Thef. Go leade the way; you have won it:
It ſhall be ſo; you ſhall receave all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; 'twer wrong elſe,
Siſter, beſhrew my heart, you have a Servant,
That if I were a woman, would be Maſter,
But you are wiſe. *Floriſh.*
Emil. I hope too wiſe for that Sir. *Exeunt omnes.*

Scæna 6. *Enter Iaylors Daughter alone.*

Daughter. Let all the Dukes, and all the divells rore,
He is at liberty: I have venturd for him,
And out I have brought him to a little wood
A mile hence, I have ſent him, where a Cedar
Higher than all the reſt, ſpreads like a plane
Faſt by a Brooke, and there he ſhall keepe cloſe,
Till I provide him Fyles, and foode, for yet
His yron bracelets are not off. O Love
What a ſtout hearted child thou art! My Father
Durſt better have indur'd cold yron, than done it:
I love him, beyond love, and beyond reaſon,
Or wit, or ſafetie: I have made him know it
I care not, I am deſperate, If the law
Finde me, and then condemne me for't; ſome wenches,
Some honeſt harted Maides, will ſing my Dirge.
And tell to memory, my death was noble,
Dying almoſt a Martyr: That way he takes,
I purpoſe is my way too: Sure he cannot
Be ſo unmanly, as to leave me here,
If he doe, Maides will not ſo eaſily
Truſt men againe: And yet he has not thank'd me
For what I have done: no not ſo much as kiſt me,

And

And that (me thinkes) is not
Could I perſwade him to bec
He made ſuch ſcruples of the
To me, and to my Father. Ye
When he conſiders more, thi
Will take more root within h
What he will with me, ſo he
For uſe me ſo he ſhall, or ile p
And to his face, no-man: Ile p
Provide him neceſſaries, and p
And where there is a path of
So hee be with me; By him, l
Ile ever dwell; within this hou
Will be all ore the priſon: I ar
Kiſſing the man they looke fo
Get many more ſuch priſoners
And ſhortly you may keepe y

Actus T

Scæna 1. *Enter*

Arcite. The Duke has loſt
A ſeverall land. This is a ſole
They owe bloomd May, and
To'th heart of Ceremony: O
Freſher then May, ſweeter
Then hir gold Buttons on the
Th'en amelld knackes o'th Me
(We challenge too) the banck
That makes the ſtreame ſeeme
O'th wood, o'th world, haſt li
With thy ſole preſence, in thy
That I poore man might eſtſo
And chop on ſome cold thoug
To drop on ſuch a Miſtris, exp
moſt giltleſſe on't: tell me O
(Next after *Emely* my Sovera

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